

PABIS

PARENTAL
ADVISORY
EXPLICIT LYRICS

**Acid
Reflex**

› Don't Stop The Movement

[Produced by Paris]

[Verse 1: Paris]

Guerrillas in the mist
The mainstream team with pro-Black twist
Hard truth soldiers in the game
Hard truth soldiers back again
P-Dog, I evolve
I drag pigs to the slaughter house, but I never eat hog
As the Fed and the World Bank seesaw
We keep y'all in deep awe cause we raw
Like uncooked crack by the government
Hit like a base rock, listen to the ba** knock
Free 'em in Jena, by any means they walk
Let's see who ready to squeeze
Givin' power to the people and take back America
Panic in the head of the state, pa** the Derringer
Aim and shoot, Beirut to Bay Area
Bury a Homeland Security card carrier

[Hook: T-K.A.S.H.]

Get up, get up, get up, get up
Get up, get up, get up, get up
Don't stop the movement
Don't stop it, don't stop it
Don't stop it, don't stop it
Get up, get up, get up, get up
Get up, get up, get up, get up
Don't stop the movement
Don't stop it, don't stop it
Don't stop it, don't stop it

[Verse 2: Paris]

Panther power, acid showers
This land is ours, stand and shout it
This plan to cower, isn't ours
This man is proud, keep the scandalous out
Now if it ain't what we about, it's irrelevant
U.S. policy route? Embarra**in'
Never leavin' you without, we got medicine
And we never bend, we got better sense

Hard truth revolutionary Black militant
Death to the Minutemen, checks to the immigrants
Streets still feelin' it, we still killin' it
We still slaughterin' hawks, feed the innocent
Read the imprint
Guerrilla Funk was birthed outta necessity, collectively
Respectively, to behead the beast
On behalf of the left wing scared to speak
Now get up

[Hook: T-K.A.S.H.]

Get up, get up, get up, get up
Get up, get up, get up, get up
Don't stop the movement
Don't stop it, don't stop it
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[Interlude: Honorable Minister Louis Farrakhan]

Something is wrong
Wrong with the government in which we live
Wrong with the leaders that lead us
Wrong with us
And the way we respond, to our enemy and each other
This nation is not about poor people!
Whether they're black, brown, red, yellow or white
This nation is about rich people!
And to hell with the weak, the poor, they must serve!

[Hook: T-K.A.S.H.]

Don't stop it, don't stop it
Don't stop it, don't stop it

[Verse 3: Paris]

Guerrilla on the loose
Scars on my neck but I'm holdin' on the noose
Stars rock ice but they rollin' like Roots
Thugs on the mic but they all shine shoes
See I don't care who you is or where you from

You look like slaves and tricks when soldiers come

And anybody disagree can get done

Coons'll run, battle lines are drawn

Take one for the U.S.A., the new Babylon

Renegade nation formed to do battle on

Man-made war for mind control, carried on

Mainstream media platforms to rattle y'all

But I can't be shook by the White House

Never go the right route, that's the right route

Bury me a 'G' for Guerrilla and I climb out

With the nine out, no time for time out

Get up!

[Hook: T-K.A.S.H.]

Get up, get up, get up, get up

Get up, get up, get up, get up

Don't stop the movement

Don't stop it, don't stop it

Don't stop it, don't stop it

Get up, get up, get up, get up

Get up, get up, get up, get up

Don't stop the movement

Don't stop it, don't stop it

Don't stop it, don't stop it

[Outro]

The people, united, will never be defeated

The people, united, will never be defeated

The people, united, will never be defeated

The people, united, will never be defeated

The people, united, will never be defeated

The people, united, will never be defeated

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› So What

[Opening skit]

FREEZE, POLICE!! (What are you doing?!)

On the floor, ON THE FLOOR NOW

{On your stomach, get on your stomach, on your stomach!}

{ON YOUR STOMACH!} {*gunshots*}

[Verse 1: Paris]

Yo, they got up out the squad car

Jaws hard, jar heads, they want us all dead

Walkin' up to the door, they all saw red

It's one local detective, the rest is all feds

Kick the do' down, ripped the whole house up

Grandmama asked what's wrong and got her mouth cut

The lead fed grabbed her by the throat, threw her up against the wall

And told her they won't leave without drugs

With no just cause, just cause

Had her tied up in her own closet wearin' just drawers

Pants down, standin' 'round sweatin' and laughin'

And high-fivin' each other like, "That's what's up dawg!"

Until a blizzard of bullets blew some nuts off

One by one they run but got gunned off

Her grandson was only five but he saw the whole thang from the stairs

And managed to make the gun cough

[Hook: T-K.A.S.H.]

These streets can only see so much until they say "So what?"

Let the police cars blow up

It won't be long 'til the ghetto can only take so much

Of the blame gettin' thrown on us

And politicians bodies go numb from going dumb

So what?

[Verse 2: Paris]

Yeah, another visit from the social worker

She know her kids ain't supposed to know this dope and murder

He know her kids ain't supposed to notice dope and murder

So he let her keep 'em in exchange for some social service

And every week's the same, he gets so nervous

They snort coke, then she let him hit it 'til it hurt it

Typically, that's the end of the date

She swallows his pride, the kids can stay

She ain't mentioned he the reason why the baby in her stomach got her tummy out
When she did, he froze up and dummied out
Took her food stamps, put him in his book
Walked away then she screamed out "Hey!" and caught a left hook
That's when the hollow tip hot one let his chest cook
Shortened every breath took; her young son
Mean muggin' handcuffed as they took him away
Said "Momma you gon' be okay, so what?!"

[Hook: T-K.A.S.H.]

These streets can only see so much until they say "So what?"
Let the police cars blow up
It won't be long 'til the ghetto can only take so much
Of the blame gettin' thrown on us
And politicians bodies go numb from going dumb
So what?

[Verse 3: Paris]

She was a proud mom, a G.I. Joe mom
Couldn't see they lied for war, she was all for it
Wavin flags, sportin tags with the yellow ribbons
And when she said he was a hero know she really meant it
'Til somebody showed her proof of the ruse
Took her to Guerrilla Funk dot com for the hard truth
Showed the motive and the profiteering from the mission
She got mad and wrote her congressman but he ain't listen
So she prayed everyday that they
Would pull the troops out the fray and they would be okay
All she had was her faith 'til the day the news
Came talkin 'bout that roadside bomb in Fallujah
And even though she thought she'd been through the worst
Mama walked into the closet, put the strap in her purse
And went first to the door of her congressman's home
Took his life 'fore takin her own, shoulda known

[Hook: T-K.A.S.H.]

These streets can only see so much until they say "So what?"
Let the police cars blow up
It won't be long 'til the ghetto can only take so much
Of the blame gettin' thrown on us
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These streets can only see so much until they say "So what?"

Let the police cars blow up
It won't be long 'til the ghetto can only take so much
Of the blame gettin' thrown on us
And politicians bodies go numb from going dumb
So what?

› Blap That Ass Up

[Female news reporter]

That verdict just came down
Those three detectives, not guilty, on all counts
Not guilty of the manslaughter charges
Not guilty of the a**ault charges
Not guilty of the reckless endangerment charges
That verdict, is going to rock this city, this community
The, groom's fiancée, the one who was killed
They were, they had said prosecutors, proved this case
But they put on witnesses
But I want to show you, let's just turn around
I want to show you, just what's going on here
{*BLAM BLAM*}

[Unknown speakers]

We out here with the youth
The youth is saying F**K THAT, it's enough is enough
Well you the final one right now man, y'knahmean?
So we gotta take back the streets, you understand?

(We face this every day, it's not an isolated incident)
(We all know, how we feel about the cops)
(And how they practice this inst**utionalized racism)

House by house, door by door, block by block
Neighborhood by neighborhood, we need to organize
We need to have our own system set up, to control our communities
We don't need these racist pigs comin in our neighborhood
With their hands on their gun cause they're scared of us

[Hook: repeat 2X]

Blap, blap blap that a** up {*3X*}
Blap, blap blap, blap blap

[Unknown singer 2X]

What you came fo'?
What you came here fo'?
What you playin fo'?
Seri-seri-seri-serious

{*BLAM BLAM*}

[Paris as radio announcer with singer in background]
And yes yes y'all you in tune to Hard Truth Soldier Radio
Shoutin truth to power, representin freedom justice and equality
Comin in every city and every town
Every ghetto all 'round~!
Worldwide, where we ride on the police
Cause the police beat us

[Unknown speaker]
I don't care what they say
We're not the only ones that can bleed
We're not the only ones that can go to funerals
Unless they stop killin us, we're gonna take it into our own hands
We're not the only ones that can bleed... {*echoes*}

[Male news anchor]
Recent police shootings involving African-American victims across the U.S
Has led to a string of angry protests from outraged black community members
(There is a culture, of police officers out there that represent)
(a legalized genocide, and we need to recognize that)

[Paris]
1-2-3 in the parking lot
Make it pop so they feel when I peel the Glock
Hear the shot, killer cops all drop and fold
Ring around the rose pocket fulla slugs and holes
Controlled beef like demo-lition, the mission
Most prof-ficient with those that don't listen
We merk this b*t*h a** pigs when we ride through
Me in the front seat, T through the sunroof
Now gas, break, shoot
Cause it's an eye for an eye for the lives took and the bru-
-tality and the rapes and the bleedin'
For dope and the choke holds, water hosin the people
But the blap make it equal
"Blap, blap" be the sound for the WOOP WOOP when we see you
It's a gang war sequel
Between us and the punk police for what they do

[Hook]
[More news excerpts and speeches from 3:30 to the end]

› The Trap

[Verse 1: Paris]

As I bend the corner ba** beatin' the back
I sink into the mood and watch the people react
Same gritty conversation, same bomb-a** rap
Same sh*tty-a** conditions, same grip on a strap
Same pigs, same crackers, same n***as united
Buyin' into the stereotypes that we fightin'
Buyin' into the stereotypes of us bein'
Buck dancin' a** sex-crazed murderous fiends
Still f**kin' up these home-schooled simpleton haters
Same people that display us wanna kill and betray us
Same division, mo' religion, never readin', just prayers
More bounty hunters, Imus' and Jena's and Kramer's
Still blame us for the cause of the way that we act
While lullabies of celebrities still keep us distracted
Keep the focus off the President and sh*t in Iraq
Keep us scapegoatin' immigrants and n***as on crack
Keep the propaganda comin', keep impressin' the kids
They only care about us when its time to enlist
But when them politicians talk about protectin' the fetus
What it mean when they send us off to war and mistreat us?
Tax cuts for the rich, ain't no snitchin' allowed
'Specially if it's piggies that we talkin' about
As they murder motherf**kers comin' up in your house
Seem that violence is the only thing they listen to now
It's the trap

[Chorus: Sandy Griffith]

Look at all the gangsters ride
Sometime it seem we born to die
What will it take to make it right?
With no chance, no promise of advancement, hey
Don't wanna lose another life
We've seen too many of us die
Let's put this thing together right?
Take a stand, and plan to get ahead

[Verse 2: Paris]

Now let's, get this sh*t clear once and for all
Ain't no terrorist that's bigger than America's balls
Ain't no terror more terrible than terror we brought

And ain't it terrible the terror's all America's fault
I'm askin', what would you do if you knew of it all?
If you knew all our enemies were made for the part?
If you knew that everything they do is part of a plot
That's pre-agreed upon with us, so you always support?
Claimin, patriot but can't never explain
Why babies killin' babies in America's name
Why black and brown bodies, why murder and pain?
Why these motherf**kers laughin' all the way to the bank?
That's gangster! But we don't see the truth of it still
Don't see the truth the way the ruthless murder and kill
Ain't no doubt about it bruh, that's big pimpin' for real
And you askin' why I'm out here servin' 'em still
It's the trap

[Chorus: Sandy Griffith]

Look at all the gangsters ride
Sometime it seem we born to die
What will it take to make it right?
With no chance, no promise of advancement, hey
Don't wanna lose another life
We've seen too many of us die
Let's put this thing together right?
Take a stand, and plan to get ahead

[Verse 3: Paris]

The way I see it, the only way to change it is pain
Seems they only pay attention when we splatterin' brains
Seem they never seem to hear us when we march and complain
Or when when we protestin', hopin' pigs don't whoop us again
Look here, see how fast money come for the schools
And how quick them motherf**kers bring home the troops
How the coonin' and derogatory sh*t in the music'll go away
When they see the people snatch 'em and shoot 'em!
Just watch! You'll see, sh*t'll change on a dime
Best believe for politicians ain't gon' be no more hidin'
Ain't gonna be no mo' lyin, don't wanna see 'em in court
Don't wanna sue 'em, rather do 'em, shoot 'em up in his Porsche
Bring the balance back where the people making the rules
Where the government is scared of what the people might do
And not the other way around, y'all got it confused
Was ignored, but you listenin' now! We on the move sayin'

[Chorus: Sandy Griffith]

Look at all the gangsters ride
Sometime it seem we born to die
What will it take to make it right?
With no chance, no promise of advancement, hey
Don't wanna lose another life
We've seen too many of us die
Let's put this thing together right?
Take a stand, and plan to get ahead

[Post-Chorus: Paris]

A write tah Congress is what they say it's about
I'm sayin', f**k de letta, wet her leavin' de house
I get my, gun and stun 'em, run dem out of de town
I'd rather, shoot now congressman, I shoot now congressman
I vote but never stop the problem around
Dem soldier, only murderin' the black and the brown
I get my gun and stun 'em, run dem out of de town
I'd rather, shoot now congressman a, shoot de President a
A write tah Congress is what they say it's about
I'm sayin', f**k de letta, wet her leavin' de house
I get my, gun and stun 'em, run dem out of de town
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I get my gun and stun 'em, run dem out of de town
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[Newsreel footage]

[Chorus: Sandy Griffith]

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Sometime it seem we born to die
What will it take to make it right?
With no chance, no promise of advancement, hey
Don't wanna lose another life
We've seen too many of us die
Let's put this thing together right?
Take a stand, and plan to get ahead

[Verse 1: Paris]

What you know about that hip-hop that's corporatized?
What you know about them porch monkey raps and lies?
What you know about the image black men as pimps?
And Flavor Flav-a** country coon n***as with limp?
What you know about a mack MC with skills
Who could spit and kick real sh*t people could feel?
What you know about the radio and fake-a** clowns
With the same ten songs, every city and town?
What you know about that Hollywood culture fetish
And who f**kin' who and what b*t*hes is wearin'?
And who gettin' fat and who adoptin' who
And what n***a got arrested now actin' a fool?
What you know about these rappers on Crips at night?
Shootin' pool with no motherf**kin' books in sight
Grinnin' grills when they showin' off they rims and ice
With that (Ha!), wish them dumb motherf**kers be quiet
See, I'm fresh outta favors, so excuse my tone
This bullsh*t been goin' on way too long
Who decide what you listen to and what gets shown?
Who decides what message get inside your home?
I'm knowin' all about devil-a** Jimmy Iovine
And all of the rest of the killin' machine
Debra Lee and the BET hoes and demons
Dealin' dope through the radio and video screens
I'm sayin', what if we demand a change?
And blow heads off 'stead of complainin'
I'll bet then you listen what folks sayin'
When we say we had enough, knowin we ain't playin'

Now get fired up

[Hook: T-K.A.S.H. and Sandy Griffith]

(Oh-wa-oh)

I get fired up (Louder!) (Oh-wa-oh)

I get fired up, (Oh-wa-oh)

I get fired up (Oh-wa-oh)

Look at what they doin' to me

(Oh-wa-oh)

I get fired up (Louder!) (Oh-wa-oh)

I get fired up, (Oh-wa-oh)

I get fired up (Oh-wa-oh)

Look at what they doin' to me

[Verse 2]

Oh yeah, and f**k these political hacks
Wanna act like they the mouthpiece for Blacks
Jesse Lee and Ward Connerly and Keyes, attack
Anything Black when white folks writing the checks
And in fact, I could see hella n***as is blind
Like Armstrong leavin' every child behind
And McWhorter's a w**** too, sh*t is a crime
Clarence Thomas couldn't ever be a brother of mine
I shine light on that bullsh*t, it's all self hate (Yeah)
Who the next face to betray the race?
I place bets that the real people sure to relate
When I blast on that bootlickin' masquerade, and say
"Hold up, wait a minute, n***a stop please
Me don't suffer from victim mentality
All we ever did was try to get a piece
Of the pie that supposedly for everybody"
Real talk, somebody best tell Russell
Fo' street n***as catch his a** up in a tussle
Drop squad in effect man, de-program
We throw his pink wearing a** in the back of the van
And say no more rap apologist, I quit
Every diamond is a blood diamond, please forgive
And see me redeemed for the deeds I did
For that Def Jam scam pushin' poison to kids
Now get fired up

[Hook: T-K.A.S.H. and Sandy Griffith]

(Oh-wa-oh)

I get fired up (Louder!) (Oh-wa-oh)

I get fired up, (Oh-wa-oh)

I get fired up (Oh-wa-oh)

Look at what they doin' to me

(Oh-wa-oh)

I get fired up (Louder!) (Oh-wa-oh)

I get fired up, (Oh-wa-oh)

I get fired up (Oh-wa-oh)

Look at what they doin' to me

[Verse 3]

What about these racists that talk that sh*t

'Bout these immigrants, like they claim to it's legit?
Like they ain't stole it anyway, murdered and pillaged
Like they justified, cryin' 'bout they want to get rid of
It's the one-two-three, the three to two-one (Yeah)
This nation was built on the backs of brown
Slave trade and the dead red population
Put the yellow man in a camp concentration
Now, I blast on these right wing hoes
Now, who'll be the first exposed?
Hannity with that weak doublespeak his tone
I'll make his drop out bartenderin' a** get thrown
And f**k Mike Savage, radio snake
With that bully bullsh*t minuteman debate
Pro-life, pro-war, man, it's all pro-hate
Do him in for his sins and Katrina disdain
And uh, motherf**k yo' taxes b*t*h
While Chevron is stackin' chips
While they send another off to die
Send another young body to Iraq with lies
What the f**k you gonna say to me? I see right through it
Through the smokescreen, keepin' folks meaner and stupid
Through the fake fear, fake tears, pride and collusion
Ain't no fakes here, all I see is lies and abuses
P (Dog), still the one you can't f**k with
Educated then a motherf**ker, I see clearly
Can't be whupped or debated, can't break my spirit
Never bought off, never go soft, and never fear it
Hear it loud when I say it, that's the way that it go
Hear it loud, cause I'm killin' 'em with words in a row
B*t*h, it ain't Paris Hilton, it's the murderous flow
Only P-Dog spittin' is the Paris you know
Now get

[Produced by Paris]

[Verse 1: Paris]

You can keep fightin', or you can go home
You can keep tryin', or get rolled on
I'ma keep ridin', 'cause when the funk is on
Most of these so-called rebels ain't got they phones on
So I turn to the killers and the gangbangers
Teach 'em how change, doin' the same thang
Show a loc how to love himself
And how self-hate make you wanna slug yourself
Introduce him to the enemy that enemy made
And how the evil made 'em murder for the clique that he claim
When I see it all click in his brain
I put an clip in his hand and tell 'em, "Come on, it's women to save"
You a young black warrior, raised in a battlefield
Some say soldier, trained with a strap to kill
But it ain't no good if all you think about
Is shootin' up the area Blacks chill, and that's real

[Chorus: T-K.A.S.H.]

Time to leave the wrong for right
Gotta make a change in my life
Shake all the stress and strife
And gain wealth with knowledge of self, baby
Settle down and raise a fam
And know about that master plan
That's why we gotta understand
Nobody looking out for us but us, true baby

[Verse 2: Paris]

History and time have proved nobody cares
If you live life cool or you die but you
You ride for me homie, I'ma ride for you
Long as you understand who you bring the violence to
If you hard enough to murder for malt liquor and mean mugs
Mash on these b*t*h-a** cops who bring teens drugs
And politicians who pa** laws that don't do sh*t, keepin' streets corrupt
Keepin' us stuck
And trapped in that hell hole
I know the reason of the reason for the reason which your mind bases hell on

You ain't gotta call hell home
If you think twice 'bout smokin' a brother for gettin' his mail on
Let me guess, you ain't workin' for the white man?
Who you think you workin' for, sellin' white, man?
They lend you yayo, send you to jail
The hard truth of it spells the intent to fail, might as well

[Chorus: T-K.A.S.H.]

Time to leave the wrong for right
Gotta make a change in my life
Shake all the stress and strife
And gain wealth with knowledge of self, baby
Settle down and raise a fam
And know about that master plan
That's why we gotta understand
Nobody looking out for us but us, true baby

[Verse 3: Paris]

Real G's know the drama
From being nine years old seein' Five-O feelin' all on your momma
Smacked her hard, threw her in the back of the car
For some out of date tags on the car
That's hard, real Crips know the real sh*t
Livin' with ya granny 'cause ya daddy ain't never callin' or give sh*t
So of course, the anger from the pain just might be the blame
For n***as that get they wig split
Real Bloods know it's hard to feel love
If daddy was there, but he threatened to kill us
And while we did homework, he just did drugs
Of course, I'ma flash red rags and give it up, n***a
Punk police, deadbeat daddies and crack
Are the reason many hated bein' black
It's time to rise up, open your eyes up
To the people who created the trap and hate that, take that

[Verse 1: Paris]

Hard truth soldier music, hard truth over music
Exposed so the youth can use it
Guerrilla Funk don't confuse it
With off-brand gangster rap that don't do sh*t
P-Dog and I'm back with a new clique
Sharpshooters, four deep in a 'lark shooters
That might creep in dark and shoot the police
In the heart for Sean Bell and Martin Luther
Cause ever since '90
America tried to bling me, but they still can't blind me
Eighteen years behind me, twenty mo' left
Pro-left, pro-death, the Bush Killa
Corporate conservative crook killer
Wolfowitz for the chips that he took killer
This industry is full of shook n***as
That's why the shame grip breaker returns to left hook n***as

[Hook: T-K.A.S.H.]

Now when we say Guerrilla Funk
We don't mean monkeys on a vine
We mean this as in New Orleans
Virginia Tech and Columbine

[Verse 2: Paris]

We still rise like gas prices
On fire like CNN satellite vans if they pa** by us
Like Bechtel hush money cash stipends
Lindsay Lohan's nose and v*****
F**k Imus
Then again white folks pointin' fingers at the hate that hate made is timeless
Look at Hussein, paid 'em, trained 'em
Played 'em, called 'em "al-Qaeda" then hanged 'em
You said die n***a? But I'm still crackin'
Like six out of twenty nine eleven hijackers
If anybody dead, it's kids in the black church
Being mislead by the misled
B-E-T, telling kids get bread
But never telling 'em what to do with bread
A project for the b*t*h scared

Joe Biden running blue but he just might drip red

[Hook: T-K.A.S.H.]

Now when we say Guerrilla Funk

We don't mean monkeys on a vine

We mean this as in New Orleans

Virginia Tech and Columbine

O.J. Simpson, B.T.K

Beltway, Peterson, Jon Benet

The San Francisco Panther 8

Our government's hate for foreign kind

[Verse 3: Paris]

Representing for the innocent victims out in Darfur

But it's really not our war

I'ma leave it alone on this track cause that's something

I had to go and write to a whole 'nother song for

The rap sh*t got n***as on all fours

T-K.A.S.H. make many sound like Forrest

Guerrilla Funk, straight vets, place bets them

Pseudo-a** revolutionaries never come towards us

By the way, if you ain't spittin' hard truth

Then you ain't spittin' sh*t up in our booth

Grande mocha civil rights leaders get a

Blue star mama tryin' to walk up in our shoes

Guerrilla Funk dot com is the website

Log on, get'cha head right

We got pro-red right scared to head to bed at night

Hard Truth won't spare ya life motherf**ker

[Hook: T-K.A.S.H.]

Now when we say Guerrilla Funk

We don't mean monkeys on a vine

We mean this as in New Orleans

Virginia Tech and Columbine

O.J. Simpson, B.T.K

Beltway, Peterson, Jon Benet

The San Francisco Panther 8

Our government's hate for foreign kind

[Interlude]

What is a revolution? Was no love lost, was no compromise, was no negotiation, I'm tellin'
you you don't know what a revolution is! Because when you find out what it is you'll get out of
the way. You haven't got a revolution that doesn't involve bloodshed

And you're afraid to bleed, I saw it, you're afraid to bleed
If it is right, for America to draft us and teach us how to be violent, then it is right for you and
me

[Bridge: Sandy Griffith]

We don't talk about, we do it
Got no time to dance, it's the movement
Comin' way too strong, let's move it
Freedom must be won, or lose it

[Interlude: Paris]

Who said freedom could never be won?
Who said it was the ballot or the gun?
Who said a group like us, couldn't move?
It wasn't me, but maybe it was you
[Another speech to end - "never back down, never bow down"]

[Verse 1]

Welcome back to California
The punk police will calico ya
The funk won't cease, we battle on the grounds
Of who it is that really own the town
Business, palm trees, a hundred degrees
C-I-As, F-E-Ds smuggle in keys
Schwarzenegger still hustle and scheme, puffin' the weed
Feelin' on women, killin' the whole scene
And I'm killin' that old image you got
I know you think the West coast started with Eazy and finished with 'Pac
But think again, we got it just as hard out here
You act like the government ain't in charge out here, man
Pa** the Molotov, light it up, and throw it at the city hall
Administration, station
Face the Nation, I ain't talkin 'bout the President
I'm talkin' 'bout the flag with the star and the crescent in it

[Chorus]

Look at all the gang bangers sidin' with true cuz
Look at all the flame brangers ridin' with true blood
P-Dog done provided the truth of the true thugs
How they divide and confuse us
Look at all the gang bangers sidin' with true cuz
Look at all the flame brangers ridin' with true blood
P-Dog done provided the truth of the true thugs
How they divide and confuse us

[Verse 2]

Now put your purple back partner, I don't smoke trees (Nah)
No dank, no drank, no coke, or speed (Hell, naw!)
You know me homey, sober and clean
A lot of G's want me on the team, but I don't roll with dope fiends
Imagine me goin' from Tookie to Pookie
I'm a threat 'cause mainstream rejection didn't spook me
Rappers tried to make me switch and couldn't move me
Kufi salute me and true n***as choose me
Viewed to be the new Huey in Newsweek
We all speak truth, now listen to the truth speak
Full circle with the way I view beef
If you don't choose peace, you leave with no front two teeth

Up in this motherf**ker (Yeah)

Guerrilla Funk and we ain't never been no run-and-duckers (That's right)

Now tell me what's so gangster 'bout flossin' your bank account

For some quick attention from the women while the people in the hood suffer

[Chorus]

Look at all the gang bangers sidin' with true cuz

Look at all the flame brangers ridin' with true blood

P-Dog done provided the truth of the true thugs

How they divide and confuse us

Look at all the gang bangers sidin' with true cuz

Look at all the flame brangers ridin' with true blood

P-Dog done provided the truth of the true thugs

How they divide and confuse us

[Verse 3]

Well look here, what'chu think of bringin' back the free breakfastes

The free food, free health care, free dentistes

The homey Fleetwood got the homeboy hotline

An ex-felon job line, hit him on MySpace

And pardon as I take part in upliftin' of my race

Past the high rate of incarceration and crime rate

Bein' my fate, so if you don't believe

That we can struggle and achieve then get out my face

So quick, so fast, you don't get no pa**

You don't get mo' black, we'll kick yo' a**!

Then turn around and spend yo' cash, in the hood

With the mommas and the kids livin' with no dad

Frisco through Oakland, Vallejo through Oakland

They try to gentrify and then rebuild most Oaklands

But it's still mo' funk and coke smokin' in the Oakland

Fo-fo's blowin domes open, think about it

[Chorus]

Look at all the gang bangers sidin' with true cuz

Look at all the flame brangers ridin' with true blood

P-Dog done provided the truth of the true thugs

How they divide and confuse us

Look at all the gang bangers sidin' with true cuz

Look at all the flame brangers ridin' with true blood

P-Dog done provided the truth of the true thugs

How they divide and confuse us

› The Violence of the Lambs

[Pastor Jeremiah Wright]

What Malcolm X said, when he got silenced by Elijah Muhammad was in fact true, "America's chickens are coming home, to roost!"

We took this country by terror, away from the Sioux, the Apache, the Arawak, the Comanche, the Arapaho, the Navajo; terrorism! We took Africans from their country to build our way of ease and kept them enslaved, and living in fear;
Terrorism!

We bombed Grenada and killed innocent civilians, babies, non-military personnel; We bombed the black civilian community of Panama with stealth bombers and killed, unarmed teenagers and toddlers, pregnant mothers and hard working fathers

We bombed Gaddafi's home and killed his child. We bombed Iraq, we killed unarmed civilians, trying to make a living

We bombed a plant in the Sudan to pay back for the attack on our emba**y

Killed hundreds of hard working people, mothers and fathers, who left home to go that day not knowing that they'd never get back home

We bombed Hiroshima, We bombed Nagasaki! And we bombed far more than the thousands in New York, and the Pentagon, and we never batted an eye

Kids playing in the playground, mothers, picking up children after school, civilians, not soldiers, people just trying to make it day by day

We have supported state terrorism against the Palestinians and black South Africans, AND
NOW WE ARE INDIGNANT!

Because the stuff we have done overseas is now brought right back into our own front yards!

America's CHICKENS, are coming home, to roost

[Produced by Paris]

[Verse 1: Paris]

I know you thought I wouldn't say somethin'
About the way the radio and TV, don't really say nothin'
Unless black men stay thuggin'
Unless black women straight sl*ttin'
I know you thought I wouldn't talk about rich white men
Still doin' to black artists today what they did to the ones back then
Can't you see brother, they don't love you
They just want money off of what you do
I know you thought I wouldn't speak on those with hot tracks
Runnin' 'round tryin to tell me hip-hop is not black
For real, it ain't black now? I guess it ain't
Long as y'all wanna thug in the 'burbs, slummin' dressed down
I'ma talk about the doc*mented fact
America funds Israel more than all of Africa
What the hell would I be rappin' for
If hard truth ain't attackin' ya, blappin' ya?

[Hook: Paris]

It's the same thing every day, we keep movin'
It's the same games people play, we see through 'em
Long as I am alive, the grind won't stop
We gonna fight 'til we die, the rhymes won't stop
Try to maintain through the pain, we keep movin'
'Til the chains break from the brain, we break through 'em
Long as justice denied, the grind won't stop
Bringin' sight to the blind, the rhymes won't stop, now come on

[Verse 2: Chuck D and Paris]

Microphone check 1-2, check the sound
Ba** for ya face, bring the level around
See us break over breaks take the racists and blaze
We, back on the stage, it's the prophets of rage
Not Dre but I'm still watchin over the game
What the hell has happened to us, seem as nothing has changed
Just coons on the tube, juggaboos and pimps
Act a motherf**kin' fool while labels makin' a mint
I spit a verse, maybe curse, every city and town
What's the worst that could happen, brothers workin' it out

I been around growlin' freedom or death since day one
Miuzi weighs a ton, don't forget it's the bomb
I run up, we Public Enemy, they ain't said sh*t
Put the message in the music so you never forget
Time to take this thing back put the hit in the hits
If you ain't mad then you ain't even tripped
Pay attention, it's the Enemy

[Hook: Paris]

It's the same thing every day, we keep movin'
It's the same games people play, we see through 'em
Long as I am alive, the grind won't stop
We gonna fight 'til we die, the rhymes won't stop
Try to maintain through the pain, we keep movin'
'Til the chains break from the brain, we break through 'em
Long as justice denied, the grind won't stop
Bringin' sight to the blind, the rhymes won't stop, now come on

[Verse 3: Paris]

9/11 is no longer a conspiracy
It's being used to reduce civil liberties
Speak critically, they can legally ignore you
And let the VeriChip think for you
Screamin' out no child left behind
But all we end up, learnin' is how to work for the wealthy kind
Cause wealth defines the health we buy, from Blue Cross to
Leaders of the banks from the checks we write
Foolin' with my food, chickens as big as the turkeys
GMO's make produce bloom a month early
Cross-pollinatin' rice grains with hormones
Highly afraid of ice age, tryin' to fight plagues
But the real issue, is when you speak the hard truth
Then they will get you, bringin' light to our youth
Then they will kill you, if you Armstrong Williams
They big scrill you, and force the fickle to feel you, for real

[Hook: Paris]

It's the same thing every day, we keep movin'
It's the same games people play, we see through 'em
Long as I am alive, the grind won't stop
We gonna fight 'til we die, the rhymes won't stop
Try to maintain through the pain, we keep movin'
'Til the chains break from the brain, we break through 'em

Long as justice denied, the grind won't stop
Bringin' sight to the blind, the rhymes won't stop, now come on

[Uncle Ruckus from Boondocks]

Praise be the white God and his son, white Jesus~!
I'm on a mission from God
Contagious with the holy spirit of our caucasian savior
Now let me share his words wit'cha
"Come, child of God! Come!"

[Paris]

It's like the blind to the blind leading blind around
Put'cha faith in a spook God, how that sound?
Put'cha faith to the most and an unseen ghost
That they say full of love but we come up sho't
Now what I wanna know is where Jesus at
When the wars rage on and the po-lice clap
When the crime rate risin black on black
And the water from Katrina wash away your fam
It's like a, cruel joke that's played a lot
On the people that rely on they faith a lot
On the people that obey and respect a book
That was written by man to control the flock
Now tell me, how any God is just
To allow such misery and pain in us
To allow all the war sufferin and such
And to allow the President to remain untouched

[Hook: repeat 2X]

No different than the pimp game
Give you somethin to believe in
Give ya money to the preacher man
Take me a little higher, higher, higher

[Paris]

Pa** the plate around, put it on the buildin fund
While the priest get drunk and molest ya son
Such grief, no peace from the HIV
Thank god that he killin off the fags and fiends
But I guess the Lord works in mysterious ways
That's why it's okay for them to own the slaves
And civilize savages, praise his name
Take land, split the family up and sell off babies
What I'm sayin, it's kinda f**ked up to trip

That the sh*t you believe might not exist
Somethin like a unicorn man, it's on the list
With Big Foot, Mickey Mouse, Santa Claus and myths
And sh*t some might say "they's blas-phem-ous"
When I question the plague in Af-ri-ca
When I question the way your Jesus looks
And the way it affects all the minds of us, I'm sayin

[Hook]

[Paris]

Now look here, it's about that time again
When the corporations say spend and spend
On the trees and the gifts and the travellin
Kam told y'all the holidays are not ya friend
And when everybody floss, you can get it at Ross
And the midnight sales make 'em smile at Zales
What the hell~! They'll sell y'all the whole damn earth
Everything at the mall celebratin his birth
From a virgin, a perp couldn't make that up
If you believe that I got a bridge ready to dump
While your broke a** givin up the cash, fo' what?
They say the faith kicks in when the facts can not
And it make me wanna holla, Benny Hinn's the man
Like Creflo Dollar, that's Big Pimp-in
F**k rap, I could lead you from a life of sin
Sh*t next Sunday, we do it all again

[Hook]

[Paris]

Now I know some of y'all get mad at songs
So get your gay senator to pa** a law
Get the free speech out the way once and for all
Tap his motherf**kin shoes in a bathroom stall
Greenbacks, no tax is the golden rule
Anything they can do to keep y'all some fools
Don't mean to offend but that's okay too
Long as y'all recognize and explore the truth
Because it .. ain't no hustle like religious hustle cause religious hustle don't stop
Ain't no hustle like religious hustle cause religious hustle don't stop
Ain't no hustle like religious hustle cause religious hustle don't stop
Ain't no hustle like religious hustle cause religious hustle don't stop~!

[Hook] - 2X

"God bless us all" (*3X*)

› Rebels Without Applause

[Intro: Paris]

Yeah, yeah

Haha!

[Verse 1: Paris and T-K.A.S.H.]

I'm representin' where the sun set
Guerrilla Funk and we still ain't done yet
T-K.A.S.H. and the "Bush Killa," one threat
One sniper on the rooftop, one vet
Now come get with this West coast revolutionary tag team
Republican bad dream, blitzin' the rap scene
Pullin' over Five-O, profilin' white folks
Rewirin' Diebolds, why you lie under oath
I'ma let the fo' pancake, drag and scrape
Drive by the county jail with a hand grenade
It's a planned escape, Tomie Kash take the wheel
As I throw it at the gate for the Panther 8
While you sucker b***s trippin' off job cuts, I just
Keep a Glock tucked for the FBI
Like a Walter Reed patient, they'll let me die
For my deadly vibe, but instead we ride

[Chorus]

Real revolution, actual solution
You can clap if you want but it ain't 'bout that
Hard Truth the movement, more than just music
The respect of the ghetto is where it's at

[Verse 2: Paris and T-K.A.S.H.]

See we make the hood mobilize
Rise up cause they 'posed to rise, ride on you cause they 'posed to ride
For the Hard Truth Soldier side
When you see this motorcade unload and drive
Come slow from behind
And let the automatic make a hole from behind
The rich stay panicked, but the po' don't mind
If piggies get blasted, just those ha**lin' brown and black kids
We some West coast cla**ics, left vote pa**ing
No wackness, no braggin', so active
Freedom and equality we gon' have it
Known a**a**ins known for blastin' Dog and K.A.S.H

On and crackin', fo'-fo's and masks
For po-po's harra**in po' folks with pa**ion
Hard truth soldiers, our troops home right now
Or the nine millimeter might blaow

[Chorus]

Real revolution, actual solution
You can clap if you want but it ain't 'bout that
Hard Truth the movement, more than just music
The respect of the ghetto is where it's at

[Verse 3: T-K.A.S.H.]

The hood know my name, I'm good with the game
If Cheney got shot then I would get the blame
Even though I didn't do it, the feds can't stand to see
A revolutionary with the ghetto influence
By the way I talk turf, and still spit the real
On the way they got work, for kids in the hills
But they only got purp, and pills where it is
Mo' liquor stores than church, the dead folks go on shirts
I'm T-K.A.S.H., the pride of the underground
Guerrilla Funk, never ride to another sound
Make a politician run and hide when they come around
Cause of how I instruct hounds to gun ya down
The government make scratch mo'
Than my home girl who be spinnin for my potna with the afro
Black folks stack dough, scratch the smoke
Subtract dope, add hope and vote, like that doe!

[Chorus]

Real revolution, actual solution
You can clap if you want but it ain't 'bout that
Hard Truth the movement, more than just music
The respect of the ghetto is where it's at
Real revolution, actual solution
You can clap if you want but it ain't 'bout that
Hard Truth the movement, more than just music
The respect of the ghetto is where it's at

[Produced by Paris]

[Intro]

"It's the fighting and development, and it threatens everyone who lives here. Some call it ethnic terrorism, and there's plenty of hatred to go around. African-Americans that hate Latinos, Latinos that hate African-Americans. In the past four years, an eleven percent spike in violence that crosses racial lines."

[Verse 1: Paris]

Original man, original family
Black-Brown unity, simple to understand
Ain't no us in them
Just us, 'cause just us trust us to bust the Klans and Minutemen
We the same thang
That's why the media is givin' us the same names
Convicts strikin' A**ata, the same game
Settin' up the same circ*mstances in the barrio and in the hood 'til we gangbang
Blame Spain, San Fran, San Diego, San Houston
Hampshire, New York, it's all the slave trade
Made rage, against us, we gotta defend us
In defense of the lineage in us
That keep us divided
Peep us fightin' one another and keep it alive with
Propaganda, paid informants, and people aligned with
Public school systems knowin' we the same person
But we a threat, so they secretly hide it

[Chorus: T-K.A.S.H. and Paris]

One gun, one slug, one blood
Regardless of where we might come from
Represent the same, represent the peace
So tell me why the pain? So tell me why the beef, what?
One gun, one slug, one blood
Regardless of where we might come from
Represent the same, represent the peace
So tell me why the pain? So tell me why the beef? One

[Verse 2: Paris]

Thirteen, fourteen, Crip, Blood, Latin King, Vice Lord, M.A
Nah I mean, comprende?
Temples of Aztlan, pyramids up in Egypt

But we just see us for what the TV shove
Back to blackfaces, about the Brown race
We fight over a hate made up to douse flames
The fire over gentrification, colonization
To savin' abuela, auntia, uncle and tia
Seein' is believin', you wanna talk about a reason
Squabbin' in the seventh grade with the ese's, that's why them ese
But like they say, we ain't sh*t
We can't get past it if we don't even see it in the first place
The worst case is a race war
Only finna benefittin' the mothaf**kers who birth race
War would end in war with men
Who make war with skin and not towards your kin, one

[Chorus: T-K.A.S.H. and Paris]

One gun, one slug, one blood
Regardless of where we might come from
Represent the same, represent the peace
So tell me why the pain? So tell me why the beef, what?
One gun, one slug, one blood
Regardless of where we might come from
Represent the same, represent the peace
So tell me why the pain? So tell me why the beef? One

[Verse 3: Paris]

Way before the Mayflower, we came before Columbus
And Columbus came, makin' what was happenin' hard
Never laughed at the Cubanos for singin' the Babalu
'Cause I know that they was honoring the African God
All the Aztec pyramids, mirror this, intricate
Infinite civil bliss syndicate which has been
Twisted inside out, so we ride out
On our own kind, but it's too late before we find out
Damn, another Black and Brown race war
Death aside, race really ain't in case for
Another underhanded trick to enslave more
Spain-like Moors by Spain's white lords
One love to the revolutionary Latin bloodline
Lineage trapped, beside the Latin thug type
If you kill for my family, I'ma kill for y'all
So save the bullet for the people steady buildin' walls
One gun

[Chorus: T-K.A.S.H. + samples]

One gun, one slug, one blood

Regardless of where we might come from

"We have a lot of conflict with Blacks and Latinos, so we bring the Blacks and Latinos
together"

One gun, one slug, one blood

Regardless of where we might come from

"I don't think it's fair that the two races that are brought down the most, are fighting against
each other"

One gun, one slug, one blood

Regardless of where we might come from

"Those guys that made gang members, too. I know pretty sure inside they wanna change just
like me"

One gun, one slug, one blood

Regardless of where we might come from

"We don't need to have violence in between the Brown and the Black, we need to stick
together"

[Outro]

"Uh, uh, uh, uh, uh"

› Harambe

[Produced by Paris]

[The Honorable Louis Farrakhan]

Brothers and sisters, you deserve a break today

Brothers and sisters, you deserve a break today

Let us go forth from here

And as we go forth from here, let us build a greater cohesiveness and unity and love among
ourselves

Let's build brotherhood, sisterhood, friendship, and fellowship, and sistership, and
brotherhood, and get rid of the bullsh*t

Let's get rid of the n***a mess and pull together, and get away from this division and disunity
that keeps us bowing at the feet of our enemy and oppressor, to divide

Us and to have conquered us, and has put us in this condition

Brothers and sisters, I thank you

Now, I want you to stand just for a minute, put your Black fists in the air

Everyone, put your fists in the air

Let us all pull together

Harambe!

› Don't Stop the Movement (Warrior Dance Mix)

{*17 second instrumental to open*}

[Paris]

Guerrillas in the mist

The mainstream team with pro-black twist {*echoes*}

Hard truth soldiers in the game

Hard truth soldiers back again

P Dog, I evolve

I drag pigs to the slaughter house, vut I never eat hog

As the fed and the World Bank seesaw

We keep y'all in deep awe cause we raw

Like uncooked crack by the government

Hit like a base rock, listen to the ba** knock

Free 'em in Jena, by any means they walk

Let's see who ready to squeeze

Givin power to the people and take back America

Panic in the head of the state, pa** the Derringer

Aim and shoot, Beruit to Bay Area

Bury a Homeland Security card carrier

[Hook: repeat 2X]

Get up, get up, get up, get up

Get up, get up, get up, get up

Don't stop the movement! Don't stop it, don't stop it

Don't stop it, don't stop it

[Paris]

Panther power, acid showers

This land is ours, stand and shout it

This plan to cower, isn't ours

This man is proud, keep the scandalous out

Now if it ain't what we about, it's irrelevant

U.S. policy route? Embarra**in

Never leavin you without, we got medicine

And we never bend, we got better sense

Hard truth revolutionary black militant

Death to the Minutemen, checks to the immigrants

Streets still feelin it, we still killin it

We still slaughterin hawks, feed the innocent

Read the imprint

Guerrilla Funk was birthed outta necessity, collectively

Respectively, to behead the beast
On behalf of the left wing scared to speak, NOW GET UP~!

[Hook]

[Paris - in background over Hook]

Yeah... hell yeah... that's right

[Honorable Minister Louis Farrakhan]

Something is WRONG!

Wrong with the government in which we live

Wrong with the leaders that lead us

Wrong with us... and the way we respond, to our enemy and each other

This nation is not about poor people!

Whether they're black, brown, red, yellow or white

This nation is about RICH people!

And to hell with the weak, the poor, they must serve~!

[Hook] - overlaps Farrakhan's speech

[Added to Hook]

Don't stop it, don't stop it

Don't stop it, don't stop it

[Paris]

Guerrilla on the loose

Scars on my neck but I'm holdin on the noose

Stars rock ice but they rollin like Roots

Thugs on the mic but they all shine shoes

See I don't care who you is or where you from

You look like slaves and tricks when soldiers come

And anybody disagree can get done

Coons'll run, battle lines are drawn

Take one for the U.S.A., the new Babylon

Renegade nation formed to do battle on

Man-made war for mind control, carried on

Mainstream media platforms to rattle y'all

But I can't be shook by the White House

Never go the right route, that's the right route

Bury me a 'G' for Guerrilla and I climb out

With the nine out, no time for time out

Get up!

[Hook]

[Protesting crowd]

The people, united, will never be defeated
The people, united, will never be defeated
The people, united, will never be defeated
The people, united, will never be defeated
The people, united, will never be defeated
The people, united, will never be defeated
The people, united, will never be defeated
The people, united, will never be defeated
The people...

[T-K.A.S.H.]

Bringing you back what you miss in hip-hop
Hard Truth, S-s-s-s-s-Soldier Radio

[Paris]

Yeah~!

[George Clinton]

Whoahhh-HO!!

[Unknown voice - repeat 2X]

G-U-E-R-R-I-L-L-A Funk

We demand, just be some freaks

{*saxophone solo*}

[Paris]

We don't ask no mo' or question, we take it, we just take it
And we don't wait for them no mo' we take it, we just take it
We all come up or none, it's all love, we take it, we just take it
Now we don't wait for them no mo' we take it, we just take it
(Don't stop the movement!)

[Unknown voice - repeat 2X]

G-U-E-R-R-I-L-L-A Funk

We demand, just be some freaks

{*instrumental solo with P-Funk sound effects*}

[George Clinton]

Yeah he look awful but he'll tee off like when we take off of course
Comin in under par with the stroke of his voice, follow through
Yet he's drivin you crazy with the words that he utters
From the tee to the green usin the wood for a putter
That's what he said, no he didn't stutter!
Reachin the hole in just one stroke
Fore~! Woo
Socially engineered anarchy induced chaos
So you playaz, you can count on it~!
Nothing lost around here, it's on the one
That fuss was us!
Them metaphors leaving metafools metaphysically in a state of euphoria
One mo' time! Hey!
You're in the presence of your past
And now they wanna count us out
But they are now, being funk'd down
We program, biologically, to benefit us
The age of modification, hahahahaha
(Don't stop the movement!)

[Unknown voice - repeat 4X]
G-U-E-R-R-I-L-L-A Funk
We demand, just be some freaks

{*instrumental fade 28 seconds with one last "don't stop the movement"*}